



IN GRANDMA'S DAY.

Grandma shakes her head and says
Things are really something shocking.
In these awful modern days
Girls can hardly darn a stocking.
While her knitting needles fly
She will tell us how she hung
All the washing out to dry—
Washed it, too—when she was young.

Grandma sighs and says a girl
Nowadays is always fadding.
Only happy in a whirl,
Here and there forever gadding.
No piano did she play,
But about her work she sung—
Took her exercise that way,
In the days when she was young.

Grandma says that furbelows
Girls in her time weren't inclined to.
Thought of something else than beads,
Things worth while they gave their
mind to.
Grandpa laughs and just makes game.
"Well," says he, "it was among
Them myself. They're much the same
Now as when we both were young."
—Chicago Daily News.

The Hermit

A Story of the Wilderness

By CHARLES CLARK MUNN

Author of "Pocket Island," "Uncle Terry"
and "Rockhaven."

(Copyright, 1903, by Leo and Shepard.)

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"Levi," he said, "what do you say;
Is it go on, or stay?"

"We've got to stay!" came the resolute
answer; "that ain't a campin' spot
within five miles either up or down the
Moosehorn, and it's too late to cut one
out!" And once more he began work.

As for Martin, he was inwardly nerv-
ous but outwardly calm. He had not
quite recovered from the previous
night's experience and the queer foot-
prints, however, and yet it did not
occur to him that that had any connection
with the cause of the doctor's
fright. And yet, it might have.

Then another thought came, and it
added to his fears. They had started
early and paddled a good 20 miles up
an almost currentless stream; on either
bank lay an impassable wilderness,
much of it swampy. No hunter or
trapper stealing along ahead had been
sighted that day, and if this wild man
the doctor had seen was he who was
prowling around their tent the night
before, how had he reached this spot?

But Martin had already decided upon
his own course, and though startled
somewhat by the doctor's fright, he
now pulled himself together once more
and attempted to calm his frightened
comrade.

"It may have been some hairy-faced,
old trapper that you saw, doctor," he
said finally, "and they are harmless.
If it was, he will show up by and by,
and hang around till we offer him a
drink. I've met them many times
here in the wilderness before, and a
little good rum secures their friend-
ship for life, so don't worry." And
Martin resumed his cutting of boughs.

When supper was over and night
had quite shut them in about the
camp-fire, conversation was resumed.
"Are there many Indians wild in
these woods?" queried the doctor,
glancing up to where the zone of fire-
light outlined the entrance to the old
tote-road; "I thought they were all
civilized."

"So they are," replied Martin, not
waiting for Levi, "and that's why
some of them adopt white men's
methods of getting what they want."
"But the face I saw belonged to a
white man," interjected the doctor,
who had not recovered from it, "and
it wore a most demonic look, with
grizzly hair all around and a mat of
it on top."

"That may be," returned Martin,
"and so would any old trapper look
when you saw him. They never shave
or get a hair cut from one year's end
to another, and all look alike—ragged,
hairy and dirty. I've met them often,
and, as I told you, they are all harm-
less and love rum. If you saw one—
which I doubt—he is like all the rest,
and by now is fast asleep up back of
here in the bushes."

With that Martin arose, for it was
time to turn in, glanced first at the
starlit sky and then up at the open-
ing in the forest back of the tent. At
that moment Levi chanced to throw
a handful of birch boughs on the dying
fire, and as the flames flashed in re-
sponse and the zone of light widened,
Martin caught the full view of a
hideous human face peeping out from
behind a stunted spruce.

One moment only he saw the gray
hairy visage; the next it had disap-
peared.

CHAPTER III.
THE WILD MAN.

The wilderness has many moods—
grave, gay, grand and mysterious.
The morning melody of the birds in
spring, the laughter of brooks deep
hidden in impassable thickets, the
loud-voiced rapids leaping down rock-
walled gorges, the fir-clad mountains
that shut one in, the bending spruce
and cedar mirrored in placid lakes—
each and all have their own mood and
leave their own particular impress on
one's feelings.

Full well Martin Frisbie knew all
wilderness moods, for he had met
them many times. Yet, at the mo-
ment he saw this vanishing apparition,
not to save all his wealth could he
have pursued it into the darkness
one rod. But he had good command
of himself, and, uttering not a word,
he turned and heaped more fuel on
the fire. Then he sat down beside it.
"Why don't you turn in?" exclaimed

the doctor, who had already entered
the tent.

"I will, presently; I want a smoke
first." And Martin coolly filled and lit
his pipe.

Then he heaped the fire with fuel
as if ruddy flames were a protection,
and lying down between it and the
stream, and resting head on hand and
elbow, he covertly watched the open-
ing in the woods.

Presently Jean, the doctor's guide,
yawned, picked up his blanket,
wrapped himself in it and crept under
his canoe. And now Martin arose,
peeped into the tent, satisfied himself
that the doctor was asleep, and re-
turned to the fire.

"Levi," he said in a whisper, "the
doctor was right. We are watched by
a queer-looking man. I saw him a lit-
tle while ago, just back of the tent."

The two looked at each other a mo-
ment in silence and then at the dark
opening in the forest.

"Well," whispered Martin again,
"what was it?"

For answer Levi cautiously but
quickly stepped to one side of the
tent, knelt, stooped, and laid his ear
to the ground. For full five minutes
he lay prone, then beckoned to Martin
to join him. He did so, and as the
crackle of the fire died out, Martin
caught the sound of a stealthy tread,
at wide intervals, and slowly receding
into the forest. Finally that ceased,
and only the low murmur of the
Branch broke the utter stillness.

Then the two arose and returned to
the fire, now only a faint glow of em-
bers.

"Well," whispered Martin once
more, looking at his guide, "what was
it?"

Levi shook his head.

"It sounded like a bear creepin'
through the brush; they go that way."

"It wasn't a bear I saw."

"I know it," replied Levi once more,
"and that's what beats me."

For a long time the two watched
each other, listening to the faint voice



of the stream, alert and keen lest any
sound escape them. At last Martin
spoke.

"Levi," he said, "we have spent
many weeks in this wilderness to-
gether, and I know I can trust you.
What I saw is a mystery, and we may
solve it and we may not, but until we
do, neither the doctor nor Jean must
know we have been watched by this
strange creature. As I told you, it's
my friend's first visit to the woods,
and timid as he is, if once he learned
what I saw, no power could keep him
here longer than it would take to get
out. I shall try to convince him that
he saw a rock or stump, and you must
help do it." Levi nodded.

"I think I'll turn in now," continued
Martin, "and you may as well."

But his faithful guide only put more
fuel on the fire and, taking Martin's
rifle, sat down beside it.

"I'll keep watch a spell," he said;
"it's just as well."

When Martin, awakened by the first
notes of the inevitable bird concert,
emerged from the tent, the fire was
still smoldering, and Levi rolled in
his blanket fast asleep beside it.
Without awakening him he picked up
the rifle and carefully entered the old
log road. Step by step he followed it,
slowly and like a true woodsman, ever
watching for signs of man or beast.
The doctor's tracks, both going and
coming, were plain, and when the path
turned down to the stream, his rod
was found; but—although Martin
looked well about, not a solitary one
could be found of the dozen or more
trout claimed to have been caught.
Martin saw the stump back of which
the doctor had thrown them, saw his
tracks on the soft bank—grass trampled,
bushes broken—and that was all.
Then he looked across the stream, and
there, too, was the boulder from be-
hind which this wild man had glared.

Cautiously, and peering often up and
down the stream and into the thick
forest, now gray with morning light,
he crossed, stepping from rock to rock
just out of the water. Back of the
boulder the rotting leaves showed
fresh disturbance, and from its side
bits of damp moss had been scraped.
Then he noted the faint forest sign of
leaves that had been trodden upon or
turned over, leading up the brook and
beneath the overhanging fir. Only a
few rods he followed them, for the
undergrowth was more than dense,
and then he returned to the crossing.
Here, on a bit of sandy bank, washed
up by the spring freshet, he saw that
same footprint once more—a huge,
horrible track, half brute, half human,
with the heel mark of a man's foot
round and deep, and the toe mark of
a panther's claws! Involuntarily he
cocked his rifle, looked about, and lis-
tened.

Only the morning light, now bright
and clear, the low note of the stream
at his feet, the song of birds!

He stooped and measured those claw
prints with a twig as Levi had. A full
inch in depth they were, with a spread
of at least five inches—wider than the
largest human foot.

Then he turned back to where the

doctor had stood and fished. Here, un-
observed at first, and distinct in the
doctor's tracks, Martin found the claw
prints again.

Once again he listened long, looking
all about and half expecting to see
that face in the dense undergrowth.
Then, as the intangible menace grew
upon him, he turned and almost ran
down the bushy path to the camp.

Levi only was up, and he was just
starting a fire. Without a word Mar-
tin beckoned him to follow, and to-
gether they returned to the puzzling
tracks. Like an Indian trailing his
enemy in the pathless forest, so did
Levi now follow and examine those
footprints. All about where the doctor
stood he traced them, then back and
up the old wood road to where a fallen
tree blocked the way, while Martin
watched his every motion. And here,
that keen woodsman, peering into
these interlacing boughs, suddenly
reached up to one, and detaching
something, held it up to the light. It
was a long, white hair!

With intense interest Martin looked
at that somewhat curly token of a hu-
man scalp which his guide held aloft,
taking it between thumb and finger,
quietly wound it into a tiny coil and
placed it in his pocket-book.

"Well," he said at last, "what is it?"

"It's a critter that walks on two
legs," responded Levi, slowly shaking
his head, "but them tracks is eurus. I
never knowed an Injun with white
hair, either."

To Martin this was a new possi-
bility.

"He come down this path," con-
tinued Levi, as he slowly led the way
back, half stooping, the better to
watch for tracks, "n' he went back the
same way, steppin' strong, n' on his
hind legs."

"It's a human being, then," put in
Martin, as they reached the stream
again and halted.

"Yes," it's a human, mebbe," ad-
mitted Levi once more, shaking his
head, "only them tracks ain't."

For a moment Martin pondered.
And in that instant a dilemma con-
fronted him. To obey his keen hun-
ter's instinct and follow this strange
creature into the wilderness, he could
not with timid Dr. Sol on his hands;
neither did he dare even to let his
old-time friend know what a strange
creature had watched them. And sup-
pose he were alone, with his trusted
and faithful guide, and they should
follow and come upon this mysterious
animal—this possible beast or possi-
ble man—what then?

"Levi," he said suddenly, his mind
made up, "we must get out of here as
soon as we can pack and start. And
mind you, not one word or hint to
Jean or the doctor."

Jean was busy cooking breakfast,
and Dr. Sol watching and sniffing the
pleasant odor of the frying ham, when
Martin and Levi reached camp.

"Well, did you see the wild man?"

queried the doctor.

"No," answered Martin, smiling,
"but we saw the big gray rock that
scared you, and found your rod where
you dropped it. I think a mink carried
your trout off—that is, if you caught
any."

CHAPTER IV.

THE MYSTERY OF THE WILDER-
NESS.

Martin's first impulse had been to
pursue and solve the identity of this
half-human, half-brute creature who
had peeped into their campfire circle;
the next, and kindlier one, to avoid
alarming the timid doctor and pay no
heed to it, but go on as planned. But
resolving and doing are wide-apart
impulses, not always reconciled, and
although Martin was not one whose
mind turned like a weather-vane, yet
while he was cheerfully deceiving Dr.
Sol, his thoughts were away in the
shadowy forest, pursuing an ogreish
creature. Neither did his will banish
this mystery in the least, for when
breakfast was disposed of, tent struck,
canoes loaded, and they paddled away
up the Moosehorn, his clutch was still
upon him. All that bright morning,
while they pushed up the winding and
almost currentless stream, now shad-
owed by spruce and then broadening
into long and narrow lakelets, faintly
rippled and sparkling in the sunlight,
his spectral hand reached out from
every shadowy opening. Over and over
again had he and Levi discussed this
strange visitor, only to fail of reach-
ing any tangible solution or solve any
part of the mystery, and when noon
came, and they halted where a short
rapid compelled a carry, Martin had
hard work to keep from making a
clean breast to the doctor of all he had
seen and imagined. Then, as if to
drive him to confession, here at this
landing he came upon two more myste-
rious discoveries.

They had decided to cook dinner
here, and as usual, while the guides
prepared it, Martin and the doctor
tried for trout. Both made a few
casts in the same pool below the
rapids, and then Martin, leaving his
friend, started up the path that led
around the rapids to try in another
pool. With more thought for tracks
than trout he walked slowly, half
stooping and scanning every spot where
one might show. None were found un-
til the path ended at the stream once
more, and here, on a bit of sandy
margin, and as if the creature had
stepped out of the water, were the
same broad and well-marked claw
prints. Then, turning back, now that
he had found the trail, and, with hun-
ter's cunning, locating a dozen others,
though so faintly defined that only the
prints of sharp claws were visible in
the hard soil, or a bit of moss scratched
from a stone showed where the animal
had stepped. All pointed down-stream
and were made as the others were—by
a creature walking upright!

Then, leaving the path and crowding
through the undergrowth to an eddy
pool in the rapids, Martin made a
cast. It scored, and then another and
still another speckled beauty was
hooked and reeled in, and the keen

zest of time, place and sport had, for
the moment, obliterated all other
thought, when, in stepping from one
rock to another above, he saw, wedged
between them, a curious bit of drift-
wood, one end of which seemed to
grin at him. It was that that caught
his eye, and stooping, he pulled it
from between the rocks and found it
to be the handle of a broken paddle,
with the knob carved into semblance
of a human skull. So realistic had this
unknown artist tried to be, that he had
inserted a row of small, catlike teeth
in the skull's mouth and dyed the eye
and nose sockets red. The sun and
rain had almost removed this, but the
teeth still held in place. It was a cu-
rious bit of flotsam, evidently tossed
up and caught between the rocks dur-
ing some freshet, and then left to
bleach in sun and storm. It had seem-
ingly been so exposed for more than
one year, for it was almost white. It
did not appeal to Martin as having any
connection with the mystery he had
come upon, but merely as the long-ago
handiwork of some eccentric trapper
or hunter thus killing time. It was a
curio, but when he returned to the ca-
noes at call to dinner, he said noth-
ing, but quietly tucked it into the bow
of his canoe.

When dinner was over, the doctor,
who wanted to fish most of the time,
returned to his pool, Jean began wash-
ing the dishes, and then a look and
nod from Martin to Levi were enough,
and together they walked up the path.

"Our friend of last night came down
this way not long ago," asserted Mar-
tin, quietly, pointing to the best-defined
tracks on the stream's bank, "and now
can you tell me when?"

Levi knelt and studied them well.
Then glancing up to the sun, and back
to where one track just emerged from
the shadow of an outgrowing spruce
bough, he moved up to that and again
bent low.

"Yesterday; 'n' late in the afternoon
at that," he answered.

And it was fully ten miles of almost
impassable wilderness—that is, by
land—to where they had encamped the
night before!

For a few moments Martin looked
at his guide, and then at those tracks
in silence.

"It's beyond me," he said at last,
and the temptation to tell the doctor
all, and then return to where they had
camped and pursue this strange crea-
ture, was strong upon him.

"If it's a sane human being," he con-
tinued, "he would have made himself
known to us last night; if some half-
insane old hermit or trapper, even then
I think he would. Even if it was a
wild man, the sight of us and our fire
would also have drawn some cry or ex-
pression of human kinship from him.
But to look at us in grim silence from
out the darkness, and then steal away
like some hunted animal, was un-
canny."

(To Be Continued.)

WANTED TO BE LET ALONE.

Lord Salisbury Wished Signboard
Pointing to His Retreat
Done Away With.

The chateau of Lord Salisbury was
at Beaulieu, France, and that he
might have peace and rest there he
once made a quaint request of the
mayor of Villefranche. The house
stood on high, well-wooded ground
and was approached by carriage from
the old Corniche road. The inaccessi-
bility of the position and consequent
quiet and peace pleased the premier
greatly. The gardens were so large
and the gate kept by a Cerberus so
stern that the most enterprising Brit-
ish or American tourist found little to
repay his curiosity after his climb.
When Lord Salisbury first took posses-
sion of La Bastide the maire of Vil-
lefranche, M. Ballonais, called upon him
to bid him welcome and hospitably
assured him that any wish his lord-
ship might express would, if possible,
be instantly gratified by himself and
his councilors.

"Then I will take you at your word,"
replied the premier. "I wish much
that the new signboard you have put
up on the road leading here, marked
'Avenue Salisbury,' be taken away."

"But we put it up," stammered the
maire, "in order to let people find their
way to your villa."

"Ah!" sighed Lord Salisbury, "I see
so many people at home and should
like most of them to lose their way
to La Bastide."

The hint was taken.

California Missions.

In the beginning of things in Cali-
fornia, the padres built their missions
after this style—low, plastered, tile-
roofed and buff-colored, with arched
doorways and long arcades, and per-
haps at one corner a belfry with one
or more bells. They adapted their
Spanish ideas to the meager materials,
unskilled labor, and the needs of a
newly discovered country. Perhaps
they built wiser and better than
they knew, for, after more than a cen-
tury, many of the missions stand in a
fair state of preservation. As the
padres built, so built the Spanish set-
tlers that came after them, and as late
as 50 years ago the pueblo of Los An-
geles squatted in adobe simplicity un-
der its palms and pepper trees.—From
"Mission Architecture," by Bertha
Smith, in Four-Track News.

Clever Western Cattle.

Western cattle raisers have noticed
in recent years a wonderful illustration
of animal intelligence and instinct.
The cattle of former days were of the
long-horned kind, and when a herd
was threatened with an attack by
wolves, the calves were placed in the
middle of the bunch and the older ones
formed themselves into a circle, all
facing outward. Now that the cattle
are mostly hornless, they place the
calves in the middle, as in old times,
but face inward themselves, thus pre-
serving their hoofs to the wolves.—
N. Y. Times.

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clad, changeless guarantee from the first. Yet not once during these years have
we had a bottle returned or a failure reported.

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the doctors, thousands whose suf-
ferings have been of many tedious years' standing. Sick Headache, Stomach or
Bowel troubles, Constipation or Piles are cured by a single bottle
of Dr. Carlstedt's German Liver Powder, 11.00 size, which equals six 2c trial size bottles. This
is the one great home remedy that dispenses with doctor bills, long spells of sickness and their con-
sequent sorrows. Listen to Nature's warnings and be prepared! Dr. Carlstedt's Ger-
man Liver Powder goes right to the spot; there is nothing in medicine like it. It is made right—
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omissions, increase vig-
or and banish "pains
of menstruation." They are "LIFE SAVERS" to girls at
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Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use
of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. With every
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From Richmond—8:05 am; 7:50 am;
8:18 pm.
From Maysville—7:40 am; 8:15 pm.

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6:40 pm; 9:49 p. m.
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